was often said to psychologists of the school of Jouffroy, and it can be said

with even greater truth to psychol-

FRENCH REALISM.

Paul Bourget Defends the Analyt

ical Novel of Passion.

The Psychological Study, Wherein "Mme Bovary" and Books Like It Are High

Types of Art—Some of Their Alleged Improprieties.

COPTRIGHT, 1893.1

minds unite in publicly manifesting

That very old form of romance in

French literature styled by our fore-

fathers the analytical story-a very

simple, very clear and very definite

classification—is now known under the

far more pedantic and more equivocal

name of psychological novel. I say

equivocal because this term seems to

restrict the study of the human heart

and mind within the limits of a special

school or particular cult, whereas that

study is of necessity within the province of all literature—and all

literature M. Taine has wisely defined

as a living psychology. Is not even the freest description of natural

scenery a mere transcript of a mental

state, a condition of the soul with

reference to the observer, and simi-

larly does not the most complicated

romance of adventure have to do with

some degree of sentiment and experience and, in consequence, does it

not form an analysis of the mind and

of the soul? Balzac in page after page

of analytical writing which still re-

mains too little known-for the pages

adepts in its production.

When numbers of distinguished



WOMAN ON A WHEEL

Fielding Considers the Nature of the Female Cyclist.

Pedestrian As If It Was Her Duty?-Some Facts Collected On the

Boulevard.

COPTRIGHT, 1892.1 It was in the edge of the evening that Mr. Jonas Thompson stepped out upon the boulevard. Mr. Thompson has reached the age when men begin to talk about the wonderful eyesight they had in their youth, in the days when they could distinguish red apples from green ones on their neighbor's trees in the blackest midnight. I had been walking with Mr. Thompson but, my attention being arrested by the great number of lights flashing about on the boulevard, I had fallen a pace or two belfind. He turned to speak to me, and at that moment a bicycle struck him on his extreme northwestern frontier, as he stood facing southeast, and he sat down on his stomach with his rose in the dust. A lady, alighting somewhat hurriedly from the bicycle, stepped on the back of his head, and slid gracefully from that baldgand shining surface to the ground.

Good evening, Mr. Thompson," said the lady, as my triend struggled to his feet. "How is Mrs. Thompson?" "Well the question is, how am I?"

rejoined Jonas, dusting the knees of pantaloons with one hand, while with the other he endeavored to restore his mose to its proper position in the middle of his countenance.

I do not content that my friend's rejoinder was in strict accord with the forms and usages of society, but I desire to apologize for him; while it has become quite common to meet a lady In this way on the boulevard, of an evening, the appropriate etiquette has not yet been forraulated by social authorities. The fastinets of a gentleman, however, should be his unfailing guide. I stepped forward.

"Pegmit me tolrope, madam," said I, "that you have not injured your wheel."

"I think one of the spokes is pretty badly bent," she said, sewerely, looking at Jonas. 'Spokes!" cried he, and with diffi-

culty laid his hand upon his spine. "Allow me to straighten it," said I, politely. "No use," said Jonas, rubbing his

back; "it can't be done." But I was already busy with the

"Pardon me," said the lady, "but you don't seem to know much about a

No. madam." said I. humbly; "my parents taught me to read and write,



Aut I was always backward in the

"Oh, here's Mr. Wheeler!" she cried, and stepped in front of a cyclist so suddenly thus I could hear his heart leap up and shump the roots of his tongue. He turned sharply to the

right, in order not to cut the lady in two and just then a person in a bifurcated costume, coming rapidly along on a bigyele, ransover Mr. Wheeler and occeeded on his or her course down the bonievard.

"I've been in a tsmash-up, Mr. Wheelsaid the lady, "and I want you to straighten out my wheel." Mr. Wheeler tied a handkerchief

diagonally across one of his eyes, which proached the lady's bicycle. while Mr. Thompson had found some court plaster in his pocket, and he was decorating his face with it as I turned to him. I borrowed a piece of the court plaster, beaving torn my hand upon a corner of the bicycle. The lady was unhurt.

"Is there any respect in which I can be of service to you?" I asked, stepping out into the street. The lady shook her head, and I was about to go upon my way when I was aware of two bieycles approaching side by side. So peculiar are the costumes of the riders on the bonieward that at the first that this wonderful fall of hair was due glance I could not tell whether these were men or women. But the second showed me that one of them was looking at her feet, and the other at the constellation of the Great Bear in the heavens behind her. Then I knew that the subject, and has just presented a they were women, and I began to hear

The space between them was just four inches. I saw that if I stood stock still, and neither of them changed her course, a life of hard study and rigid | the hair very close. These clippers are abstinence would carry me through. It did, with half an inch to spare. If always be attended with risk .- Pall I had had Jonas' equatorial diameter the prettiest woman in New York would be wearing black to-day. "That was a narrow escape," said

the lady, looking up from the bicycle which Wheeler was mending, "for those two wheels." "Yes: I was really seriously alarmed."

said I, "for them."

"That's Rita Carey on this side, too," said the lady. "Well, it's the first time she ever had a chance to talk to a man and permitted him to escape."

She turned toward Mr. Wheeler.

Jonas and I lifted our hats with one hand each and, taking our lives in the other, proceeded across the boulevard. "Now, why in thunder is it," asked Jonas, when we were alone, "that women on bleycles are so much more

bloodthirsty than men?" "Is it a fact?" "No doubt of it. I've watched 'em on this boulevard. A man will ride recklessly, perhaps, but he'll break his neck to avoid a collision when it comes to the scratch. But a woman moves on like the car of Juggernaut. Not the hand of destiny, by jingo, can turn

"Now look here." he continued.

wheeling around on the far edge of the boulevard, "what you call that?"

He pointed to a figure approaching from the north, and at that moment quite clearly visible in the rays of an electric light.

"It looks like the same thing that ran over Mr. Wheeler," said I. "Man or woman?"

"I give it up."
"Watch it," said Jonas. "If it runs into anybody it's a woman; if it doesn't, it's a man. That's the way we solve the problem here. It's like the riddle of the mushroom and the toadstool. When you're crossing a street and see something like that bearing down toward you, just say to yourself: 'If I live, it's a man; if I die, it's a

The figure passed us as he spoke. Certainly it wore some sort of a divided "It's a man." said L

"Well, I guess you're right," said "No, it's a woman!" As he spoke, two men stepped out upon the boulevard at the crossing just



saw the figure on the bicycle approaching. With two loud groans of despair, they attempted to disperse. Not so, by Jupiter. The bicyclist struck one of them just aft the starboard pantaloons pocket, and glanced off onto the other one. When we arrived upon the scene, the first victim was calling, in the sacred name of modesty, for pins, while the other was trying to pull his head out of the forward wheel of the bicycle. A woman's voice was at the same time audible, saying: "I'm just perfectly certain that I rang my bell, and I don't see why you couldn't get out of the way."

"I perceive an interesting psychological problem here," said I. "Why is it that tender-hearted woman, mounted on a wheel, becomes a destroying angel?"

"Ask my wife," said Jonas.

I suppose he wanted me to have my of sorrow that evening or he would not have made such a suggestion. Mrs. Thompson had evidently discussed the subject with Jonas several times. It is bad for an outsider to get involved in such a matter. When a woman has been all over a subject with her husband, she is apt to forget that men have either intellects or sensibilities. Mrs. Thompson rides a bicycle herself, and I gathered from her remarks that a considerable number of men had been awkward and impolite and foolish enough to get in front of it.

"It's the fault of the men." she said. "They don't look where they're going." I could not regard this as satisfactory, so I asked Maude about it when I

"Any woman who would be absurd enough to ride a bicycle," she said, can be expected to do anything clse

Maude has tried very hard to learn



theory that the machine would stand up by itself if she screamed at it loudseemed to be rapidly swelling, and ap- ly enough. Thus she developed her voice without really gaining any practical command of the wheel. HOWARD FIELDING.

Danger in Barber Chairs. When the young men of the arondissement went last week to draw lots for military service the authorities were aghast at the number of lads who presented themselves, each one balder than the other. An inquiry was opened, and the men were questioned as to how this state of things came about. It was found that they frequented the same barber shop, and to their having been dressed by a barber who did not keep his seissors and brushes sufficiently clean. By the orders of the prefect of the Seine. Dr. Lancereaux made a complete study of report to the department council of hygiene, from which it appears that however, springs eternal, contagious affections of the scalp are very easily propagated by the use of dirty brushes, and above all by the use of "clippers" that are employed to cut so difficult to clean that their use must Mall Gazette.

A Questionable Compliment. Osler-Can't you say one good thing for him now that he is gone? Patch-Well, he did get the start of

me once in a horse teade.-Truth. The Best Shampoo

A dermatologist of high standing says that the proper way to shampoo the head is to use some pure soap made into "good lather on the head," with plenty of warm water, and rubbed into the scalp with the fingers or with rather a stiff brush that has long bristles. When the scalp is very sensitive, borax snd water, or the yolks of three eggs, beaten in a pint of lime water, are recommended instead of soap and After rubbing the head thoroughly in every direction, and washing give to a fictitious narrative the atout the hair with plenty of warm water, or with douches of warm water, alter- with accurate analysis. They reason nating with cold, drying the hair with, about like this: "You pretend to dea bath towel, a small quantity of vas- pict passion. Now the primary atcline or sweet almond oil should be tribute of the passions is to render out rubbed into the scalp. The oil thus ap- of the question on the part of those plied is used in the place of the oil that whom they dominate any psychologhas been removed by washing, and to ical analysis of self. A man who real-

ogists of fiction: 'We do not stand at the window to see ourselves pass by in the street.' When you set forth so minutely the conditions of mind and soul which lead up to the actions of your characters you substitute yourself for them without perceiving it, since you depict in them that which they themselves can neither declare nor discern. Life is made up of a semiobscurity, so to speak, of heart, a dumb and unceasing action of blind instinct, a spasmodic self-assertion and spon

antipathy for a certain tendency in art it may be that they secretly de-spise each other—and this seems to tancity of movement incompatible with that mental anatomy that is your end and method. For everything that me to be the case with reference at one dissects is dead.' least to certain detractors of French I do not suppose I have lessened the force of the objection in formulating fiction-but their opinion, even when erroneous, is not to be disregarded; and it. It is very specious. Its great defect is its applicability to every form of lit-erary expression as well as to the that is why, without reviewing epigrams too evidently partial or reproaches by far too unjust, I wish to attempt a reply to two or three of the objections most frequently raised analytical process. A writer of the impersonal school-Flaubert, for instance, as the least indisputable of all against the analytical novel of passion -depicts scenery as a background for over and above any objections to the actions of his characters, Mme.

Bovary and Frederic Moreau. Does he not exhibit this scenery as he sees it with his artist's eye? Would it have been possible for him, except in the wildest hypothetical case, to have nar rated anything but that which had actually come under the notice of the young man and the young woman? Every narrative of an external circumstance is never anything else than the transcript of the impression produced upon ourselves by that circumstance, and invariably a degree of individual interpretation is insinuated into every picture, real or imaginary, however objective it may be. It is indeed the effectiveness of this degree of indvidual interpretation which is the measure of the success of every artist who aims at presenting an undistorted picture of things as they are. Let us even admit that all subjects are not equally worthy of being treated

and that all characters are not equally

desirable as subjects for treatment in

the novel of analysis. But does the

fact that an evident limit in this re-



are of tremendous interest, like all the spect exists render advisable the ex-

masterpieces evolved by this great mind whose philosophical gifts equaled his imaginative one-has happily denominated stories of analysis "novels of idea," signifying thereby that their authors were above all concerned with the phenomena of inner life-the interior mental and spiritual existence of men as distinguished from their exterior lives. Even here, however, there is something vague, for this term "novel of idea" (or of mental phenomena) would seem to be equally applicable to what we call in French the livre a these. However, it is the older expression, the one with which Sainte-Beuve was satisfied, seems to me the most accurate, especially as it places this sort of books in the series of corresponding works in other departments of literature. This is, for instance, a drama of analysis, of which Racine in tragedy and Mariveaux in comedy, to cite only classics, are masters. There is also the poetry of analysis, which has been produced by this very Sainte-Beuve in his admirable "Joseph Delorme," by Baudelaire and by Sully Prudhomme. There are even autobiographies of analysis, among which the "Confessions" of St. Augustine are the venerated type and the "Sou-venirs" of M. Renan form the satirical kind. All these works possess the common characteristic of being especially devoted to the recording of the little facts of consciousnes in the psychological sense, the ensemble of which is manifested exteriorally in the shape of passion, determined will and definite action. The intellects of these writers, very unequal and very diverse though they are, seem alike endowed with the faculty of reflective analysis, permitting them all to see in minute detail the entire hidden operation of mental processes. Perhaps the revelation, the unmasking of these obscure recesses of the mind, interests them more than the results of what transpires within these recesses. The chiming of the clock receives less of their attention than does the action of the mechanism which has brought about the chiming. It is in the dissecting of the phenomena of moral and sentimental manifestations that they excel in and delight us without even wishing it-like the great African prelate whose sole desire was to humble himself in expiation of a sinful past. and not to astonish worldly readers

From a purely aesthetic point of view the opponents of the amplytical novel of passion seem above all convinced that the various qualities which mosphere of reality are irreconcilable prevent the hair from becomir - writt'e. ly loves thinks of the object of his passion and not of that passion itself. It

with the subtlety of his mental proc-

lusion of forbidden themes under given circumstances? If life in certain human beings and in certain crises manifests itself now as an instinct and again as a spoutaneous impulse it also manifests itself in others through phe nomena entirely different. It is life none the less on that account. When Phedre is consumed with a criminal desire he dare not acknowledge, when Adolphe is torn by the contention between the fierce impulse of his unbridled youth and his pity for Ellenore. when Amaury at twenty-two hesitates amid the suddenly revealed world of action, between faith and love, when Mme. de Mortsauf soothes the sorrow of her stifled dreams in the sweetness of an ever fatal and ever jealous friendship, these people continue to be human beings notwithstandingtheir emotional crises all have to do with human life of which the novel of analysis can alone depict the phases and describe the complications. If criticism were entirely just the first question it would put with reference to works of this character would be: Has the instrument been put to a proper use? And it would rejoice that there is a restrained type of artefficacious in spite of restraint when treated by a competent hand-to reproduce the thousand silent and secret tragedies of the heart, to study the rise, the climax and the wane of certain irrepressible emotions, to recognize and set forth exceptional situations, unusual characters-in fine, every detail of an almost dangerous phase of human nature. This is impossible to the mere novel of morals and manners or Roman de moeurs, as the French have it. That species of fiction, to be true to itself, must avoid precisely this domain of the psychological and develop its type of humanity through individualities-demonstrate great general laws by means of particular instances. This latter kind of fiction is to the other what a fresco is to portraiture. PAUL BOURGET.

-The utmost reach of reason is to recognize what an infinity of things go beyond it.-Pascal. -It is meet that breach of promise cases should be heard in a court house.

-Boston Transcript. -If sunshine had to be paid for there ere people who would declare that candle light could beat it.-Ram's Horn. -Yabsley-"Well, what's the latest in the racing line?" Mudge-"The in the racing line?" Mudge-"The CAPITAL, . horse I bet on usually, Indianapolis SURPIUS. . .

-Gladys-Oh. dear! Mr. Youngfellow, that bothersome shoe-string of mine has come untied again. Mr. Young fellow (sympathetically) - Has it?

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THE FIRST PURITANS.

Few in Numbers, but Dangerous, Desper-ate, Determined Men. I have in my possession a detailed ac count of the temper of parties in England, drawn up in the year 1585, three years before the Armada came. The writer was a distinguished Jesuit. The account itself was prepared for the use of the pope and Philip, with a special view to the reception which an invad-ing force would meet with, and it goes into great detail. The people of the towns-London, Bristol, etc.-were, he says, generally heretics. The peers, the gentry, their tenants, and peasantry, who formed the immese majority of the population, were almost universally Catholics. But the writer distinguishes properly among Catholics. There were the ardent, impassioned Catholics, ready to be confessors and martyrs, ready to rebel at the first opportunity, who had re-nounced their allegience, who desired to everthrow Elizabeth and put the queen of Scots in her place. The number of these, he says, was daily increasing, owing to the exertions of the seminary priests; and plots, he boasts, were being continually formed by them to murder the queen. There were Catholies of another sort, who were papal at heart, but went with the times to save their property; who looked forward to a change in the natural order of things, but would not stir of themselves till an invading army actually appeared. But all alike, he insists, were cager for a revolution. Let the prince of Parma come, and they would all join him; and together these two classes of Catholics made three-fourths of the nation.

"The only party," he says (and this is really noticeable), "the only party that would fight to death for the queen, the only real friends she had were the Puritans (it is the first mention of the name which I have found) the Puritans of London, the Puritans of the sea towns." These, he admits, were dangerous, desperate, determined men. The numbers of them, however, were providentially small.

The date of this document is, as I said, 1585, and I believe it generally accurate. The only mistake is that among the Anglican Catholics there were a few to whom their country was as dear as their creed-a few who were beginning to see that under the act of uniformity Catholic doctrine might be taught and Catholic ritual practiced; who adhered to the old forms of re ligion, but did not believe that obedience to the pope was a necessary part of them. One of these was Lord Howard of Eflingham, whom the queen placed in his high command to secure the wavering fidelity of the peers and country gentlemen. But the force, the fire, the enthusiasm came (as the Jesuit saw) from the Puritans, from men of the same convictions as the Calvinists of Holland and Rochelle; men who, driven from the land, took to the ocean as their natural home, and nursed the reformation in an ocean cradle.-J. A. Froude, in Long man's Magazine.

Tit for Tat.

Collector-I really can't understand why you don't pay me my little bill. You have never given me a single cent. Hostetter McGinnis-If time was not money I'd explain it to you.

"Now you are giving me impudence ! "Well, you were complaining just now that I hadn't given you anything. You are always grumbling about notin-

"You promised to pay me three months ago, and I relied on you."

"That's so." "And you lied."

"Precisely so. I lied on you and you relied on me, so we are even. Goodby."-Toxas Siftings.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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